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his hat at the same time to the
from he had not got greeted, and
his salute by winning herself
to the dangerous side of the
not much "formed" yet, but she
he was kept waiting, like me. It is
"Mr. Vogelstein said.
man answered without looking
as soon as we begin we shall go
sister has written to a gentle-
man.
for Miss Day to bid her good-
went on; "but I don't see her."
has gone to meet that gentle-
friend of hers."
the little girl broke
was always writing to him—in
puffed his clear in silence for
not only for this, I'll tell on
only added.
anger Miss Day gave no heed to
that she addressed herself to
"This is New York; I like it bet-
ter."
had no time to reply, for his ser-
ved with one of the emissaries of
but as he turned away he won-
dered at the child's preference.
is of the interior. He was very
the officer who took him in hand,
Vogelstein, was quite a man of
and in reply to the formal
of the Count only said,
"Here it's all right—I guess I'll
And he distributed freely a
marks, and the servant unlocked
various papers, and while he
the officer stood there wide-
and conversing with Vogel-
visit to our country, sir?—quite
of. Of course the ladies are
fact." It was in this manner he
till, while he now really wait-
at the waiting for, and whether
up something into his palm. But
sister left him only a moment if
presently turned away, and with
the quietly uttered, that he hoped
could make quite a stay upon
to offer him a tip. It was simply
the manner, and it was very amiable,
Vogelstein's servant had secured a
truck, and he was about to leave
on he saw Pandora Day dart out
and address herself, with much
to the Count, who had just lib-
She had an open letter in her
r it, deliberately, stroking his
she led him away, to where her
sister upon his luggage. Vogelstein
servant with the porter, and fol-
word in farewell. The last
had said to each other on
was that they should meet
It seemed improbable, how-
meeting would occur anywhere
the Count, of course, as he had
suddenly not in society, where "Vogel-
s, of course, and as, if Utica was
or sharp little sister's word for it
as what was about him there, he
acted if he would go to Utica. He
Pandora quickly; she was in the act
of saying good-by to the Count, who
in the same manner in which
dayed the Captain of the steamer.
Day got up and shook hands with
he evidently all prepared to have a
if I should like to introduce you to
and sister." he heard the girl say,
"I have caught her as she did so
with his hand outstretched, re-
while, that evidently the Ameri-
he had always heard described as
emotional, were not unversed in cer-
tain. They dawdled and chattered
for some time.
"Count Vogelstein," said Pandora,
she flushed with her various ex-
cess, not look the worse for it. "I hope
spend time, and appreciate our
get through all right," Vogel-
stein, looking and feeling himself
in a diplomatic
"The gentleman is sick that I wrote to," she
said. "Isn't it too bad? But he sent
a letter to a friend of his—one
of my men, and I guess we won't have
him." "Mr. Lansing, let me make you
acquainted with Count Vogelstein," she went
on, turning to her fellow passenger the
straw hat and the breastpin, who
was with the young German as if he
knew him before. Vogelstein's heart
beated to his throat. He thanked
her, but he had not offered a tip to the
Count. "Belami says you're a writer,"
she said, and who had been described by
Pandora's family as her lover.
"I am," said the Count. "Mr. Lansing
is of ladies this time." "Mr. Lansing
Vogelstein, with a smile which
conferred, surreptitiously, and as if
he could be eager, to recognition.
"Belami says you're a writer," she went
on, smiling very sweetly
to Pandora. "We haven't met much; we've
to years." "I have," she said, and
scratched his head a little be-
cause of the movement which sent his straw
hat in the direction of his head.
"I don't know if he's a writer, but I
don't think he'll do much for me. I
don't need to do you," he responded.
"I guess you'd
be a little one," and he gave a little
shake to one of the trunks.
"You aren't he lovely? It's only your
hat," he cried, stooping over the
trunk, with the tip of his hand.
"I know that I like showing them,"
he murmured, modestly.
He made his German salutation to
him in general, and to Pandora he of-
fered a good-by, which she returned
with a smile. "I shall be glad to
be fumbled at the lock of her trunk
another, if you like," said Mr.
giving.
"I've got to be this one! Good-by,"
said the Count. "I hope you'll judge us cor-
rectly." "I will," she said.
man went his way and pleased the
at a dock. Here he was met by a
a face of consternation which led
her to believe a cab was not forthcoming.
"em'acks 'ere, sir," said the man,
beyond everything. He wants
to take you to the inn."
"I don't know a moment. Couldn't
you?"
"I'll be talks, he is a German!" said
the man in a moment Count Vogelstein
reaver in America, by discussing the
the key coaches in the language of
the man.
to be concluded next Sunday.)

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